

Sometimes

Erasure

It's not the way you lead me by the hand into the bedroom,
It's not the way you leave your clothes upon the bathroom floor

,
Been thinking about you, I just couldn't wait to see
Fling my arms around you, as we fall in ecstasy

R: Ooh sometimes, the truth is harder, than the pain inside
Ooh sometimes, it's the broken heart that decides
It's not the way you caress me toy with my affection
It's not my sense of emptiness you fill with your desire

Climb in bed beside me, we can lock the world outside
Touch me satisfy me, want your body next to mine